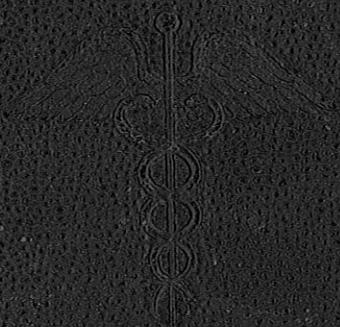


WHITE CAPS



1944

WHITE HIPS



G. Perry

"WHITE CAPS"

YEAR BOOK

of

CLASS OF 1944



Vassar Brothers Hospital
Poughkeepsie, New York





This book is dedicated to

DR. E. A. STOLLER

in sincere appreciation of his friendliness
and interest.



There may be many long dim halls through which we will tread.
Our steps may echo down the halls of someone's life instead.
We may try to calm the battle cry—
Or drag our weary feet four flights high—
To sit beside a sick and worried mother's bed.

We may reach those far-flung fields where mercy is so rare,
And hold somebody's brother's hand and ease the pain and care,
And give a little of life's breath—
To aid a soldier nearing death—
And maybe we will even say a little prayer.

No matter what our goal or aim—we will do what we can
To keep the pace that time has set in it's ever-lifting plan,
And if the hill we choose is steep—
We promise not to sit and weep—
But try again to reach the peak, and be a help to man.

White Cap Board

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CLASS MOTTO

A will for any duty,
A heart for any fate.

CLASS FLOWERS

Yellow Roses

CLASS COLORS

Green and Gold

CLASS ADVISER

Doris D. Morris

CLASS SONGS

TUNE: "*The Army Air Corps*"

Off we go unto our mercy's carrying
From the dawn to the evenings dusk
Always there to help the human falling
We have proved we're worthy of trust.
V. B. H. with all its pleasant memories
We will leave for ever more
In peace or war as never before
Nothing can stop the class of '44.
A toast to the host of those that carry thru
from year to year.
A thought to wrought a healing of those
we love so dear
Our Vassar school has taught us much we know
So off we go to strike disease in every blow
A toast to the host of those who boast the class of '44.

—L. E. and H. S.

TUNE: "*Goodbye For Awhile*"

While we say "goodbye"
We'll turn our eyes to the sky,
For we thank thee Vassar dear
For thy guidance through each year.
Each day that's gone by
You've found we eagerly try
To lend a helping hand—
And show a heart that can understand
And if our line of duty sends us
Over land, or sea or air
Midst the strife—we'll bring new comfort
To the suffering over there.
And as we pass each day,
No matter what dims our way—
Our Gracious God will look on all,
He'll hear our Prayers, and heed our call.

—L. M.

EDITORIAL:



What pattern of shadows and lights has the great painter Time fashioned for our future? Who know? For two, nearly three years, we have worked, laughed, and even cried together, waiting and dreaming for the day when we could really plan our lives. The day is nearly here—we cannot really plan anything, but we can decide which way to turn at this cross-road.

We can look back at all the days, weeks and months we spent preparing. We know that never again will we have so many close friends, so completely sharing our thoughts, emotions and experiences. Never again will we be welcome to enter the inner sanctum of so many minds and hearts.

We have loved training—who else can say that they have known the ache that penetrates one's heart, soul and very finger-tips; the longing to heal, to help, the selfless desire to unburden worried minds and minister to suffering bodies? Who else has shared the joys of motherhood, the peace of death, the fear of the sick child? Who else has seen the gratitude of the convalescent, the light in a mother's eye when her child has been returned to her and the tearful agonized appeal to the Heavenly Healer when there is still danger? Who else can look at the stars and say "I am helping", and "I love it"? We have chosen a wonderful profession—in it, we are privileged to do all these things.

No matter what uncertainty there is in our hearts—our hands are sure, and our minds are clear; we are confident that we can accomplish the tasks we undertake, and what else is success? We, therefore, promise to do our best to uphold the standards that Time and Experience have given us. May the gladness ever-present in our hearts radiate a little light in this dimmed-out world and may we ever be grateful for the thousands of nurses before us, who have each given a precedent; and to our school which has given us our training and the ability to understand and aid humanity and to appreciate the multitude of intangible little things that makes nursing.

In Memoriam

"Those whose loss our tears deplore
Have left behind them more than fame".

In appreciation of the years of loyal service

DR. ALBERT MOFFIT

Surgeon from 1907 - 1944

DR. ALVA PECKAM

Pathologist from 1918 - 1943



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON
Director of School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE
Ass't Director School of Nursing
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education
Graduate of Newton Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG
Instructor of Nursing Arts
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



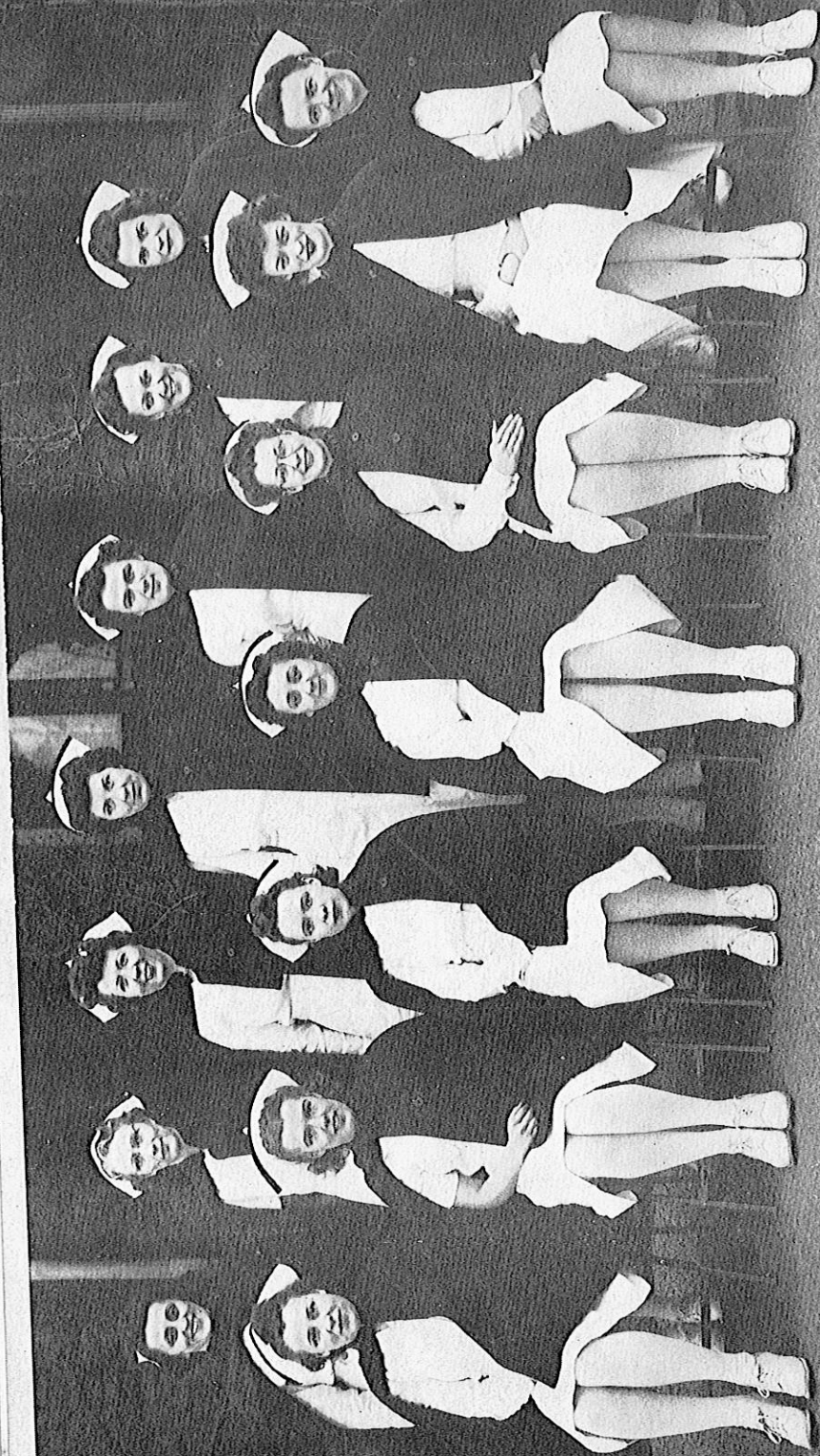
AILEEN HERRMANN
Assistant Instructor
Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



TO MRS. MORRIS:

*In sincere appreciation of her helpful advice and
active interest as class adviser.*

Your tactful counsel, your wise advice,
And a smile to see us through—
To make us feel
Our work is real,
And our fun is needed, too.
A friendly laugh with an Irish glint,
That means you understand
Our dreams—too far
Like a shooting star—
Won't wait the reaching hand,
Yet you never proposed or encouraged retreat—
You were always "in pitching" for us.
For gentle dissuasion,
And kindly persuasion,
We thank and love you, Mrs. Morris.



Standing: HELEN BOSTON, Supervisor of Obstetrics; MARIE TSCHUDIN, Anesthetist; ROSE COLTON, Pediatric Supervisor; KATHERINE T. HENNING, Clinical Supervisor of
 Medical Wards; FRANCES HIRTZ, Head Nurse Men's Medical; IRENE SYRETCHEN, Head Nurse Women's Medical; LOUISE BECK, Clinical Supervisor of Surgical Wards. Sitting:
 ELIZABETH FERGUSON, Supervisor of Private Obstetrical Floor; ROBERTA CLUM, Head Nurse Men's Semi-Private; ADELAIDE CARROLL, Head Nurse Private Corridor; JUDITH SAN-
 DLEBEN, Head Nurse Men's Surgical; ANNE HALLENBECK, Head Nurse of Women's Surgical; ELIZABETH MACY, Head Nurse of Private Corridor; JEAN DAVIDSON, Night Supervisor.

DIETITIANS



A. P. TESKE
Assistant Dietitian



G. C. THOMPSON
Chief Dietitian



E. M. CRAWFORD
Assistant Dietitian

General Staff Nurses



Standing: MARION EMERSON, General Staff; HARRIET VOORHEES, General Staff; ROBERTA AGER, General Staff; HELEN KNICKERBOCKER, General Staff; ELSIE PROULX, General Staff. Sitting: JUNE PAULI, General Staff; IRMA BRUNS, Operating Room Staff; LILLIAN THOMSON, General Staff; KATHARINE VAN DYNE, Assistant Out Patient Department; HELEN KOBLINSKI, General Staff.



WATROUS, WANETA BELLE

President

"WAT"

Kingston, New York

*"Her washing ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And passed the long, long night away
In darning ragged hose."*



HEISLER, JEAN THERESA

Vice-President

"JEAN"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"For her gait, if she be walking;
Be she sitting, I desire her
For her state's sake; and admire her
For her wit if she be talking."*



BRUNNER, EMMALINE MARY

Secretary

"LYN"

Norwich, New York

*"That best portion of a good man's life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
Of kindness and of love."*

TAYLOR, BELLE ELNA

Treasurer

"BELLE"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"Child, do not throw this book about,
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out,
Regard it as your choicest treasure."*



BERGH, DORIS EVELYN

"D. B."

Sandy Hook, Connecticut

*"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."*



BRUCHAC, MARGARET ELIZABETH

"BRUE"

Greenfield Center, New York

*"Well made, well wrought, far may be sought,
Ere you can find so courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret."*





BUECHEL, MARY ELIZABETH

"BUSHY"

Patterson, New York

*"When you've got a thing to say
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When your tale's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute!"*



BURLINGAME, MARGARET SHIRLEY

"HAMBONE"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"My soul is dark with stormy riot,
Directly traceable to diet."*



DOW, SUSAN LAURA

"SUE"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"Stand still, you ever moving spheres
of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight
never come."*

ERWOOD, LOIS JEAN

"LO"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"The years keep coming and going;
Men will arise and depart;
Only one thing is immortal:
The love that is in my heart."*



FISHER, DOROTHY ETHEL

"DOTTIE"

Dover Plains, New York

*"Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown—
A mind content both crown and kingdom is."*



HESS, WINIFRED MAE

"WINNIE"

Mount Vernon, New York

*"But though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul."*





JAMES, ELIZABETH RAESLY

"BETTY"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"For her voice lives on the breeze,
And her spirit comes at will,
In the midnight on the seas,
Her bright smiles haunt us still."*



JOSLYN, SHIRLEY ELIZABETH

"JOSIE"

Grand Gorge, New York

*"For me the diamond dawns are set
In rings of beauty,
And all my ways are dewy wet
With pleasant duty."*



KENNEY, MARGARET JEAN

"KENNIE"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"Were the proverb not wiser if mended,
And the fickle and wavering told
To be sure that they're on with the new love
Before being off with the old?"*

LYNCH, BARBARA MADINE

"B. M."

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"Let the man who has and doesn't give
Break his neck, and cease to live!
Let him who gives without a care
Gather rubies from the air!"*



MACY, LOUISE GROAT

"MACE"

Albany, New York

*"I've watched my duty, straight and true
And tried to do it well;
Part of the time kept heaven in view,
And part steered clear of hell."*



MARIAK, SOPHIE

"SALLY"

Hudson, New York

*"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty."*





MARSHALL, MARGUERITE MARILYN

"MARSH"

Madalin, New York

*"How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all week to be good,
And not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could."*



MURPHY, LIETA FERNE

"MURPH"

Bangor, Maine

*"Love is something so divine,
Description would but make it less;
'Tis what I feel, but can't define,
'Tis what I know, but can't express."*



NEAL, VIRGINIA PEARL

"GINNY"

Buffalo, New York

*"It was only a glad 'Good Morning',
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."*

OLLIVETT, MARJORIE

"MIDGE"

Pleasant Valley, New York

*"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."*



PAULI, JUNE ELSIE

"JUNE"

Clintondale, New York

*"The fairest garden in her looks,
And in her mind the wisest books."*



PHILLIPS, MARJORIE ELEANOR

"MUDGIE"

Millbrook, New York

*"How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world."*





ROGERS, MARY MARGARET FRANCES

"ROG"

Poughkeepsie, New York

*"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide, your golden light!
She sleeps."*



SLOCUM, HELEN LOUISE

"SLUGGER"

Wingdale, New York

*"We do not what we ought;
What we ought not, we do;
And lean upon the thought
That Chance will bring us through."*



VAN SCOY, JEAN

"VANNIE"

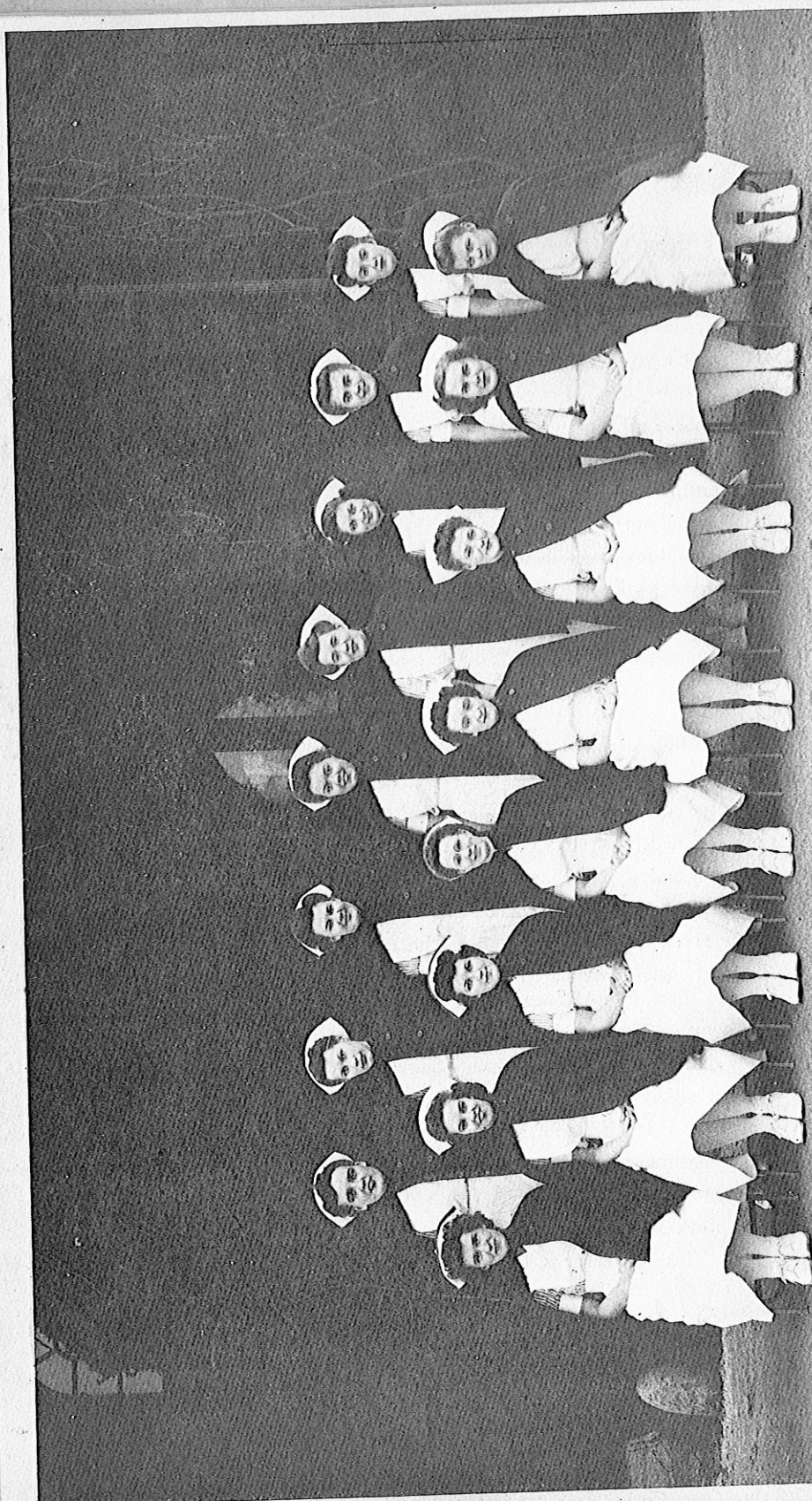
Poughkeepsie, New York

*"In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile."*

A N U R S E

If I do not turn the masters in their graves with my skill,
If I do not wake millions with my doings,
If I do not make even a tiny mark on this great world of ours,
I shall not care—
No, I shall not think on it a second.
For I am content and thankful for my lot.
Yes, I can truthfully say I have risen many a morning,
And greeted the sunrise with a song
And gone about my tasks in a carefree way—
I can say I have worked—and in my work
Have held many a tortured limb—that will move no more;
And given many a narcotic, to wounded bodies struggling to fight
the pain,
Because there is a limit to the suffering a human being can bear;
I have sat with children, ill and wane—and cared for them—
While their over-anxious mothers have watched on.
I have silently covered the warm body,
Still, since touched by death's cool finger.
I have waited, and watched, and prayed—
While a soul lingers on the brink of earth and Heaven;
And I have given hope to many a laden heart,
Drowned with grief over loved ones gone on the journey from
whence there is no return.
For I am a nurse—
And in my daily tasks find many such a duty.
But, most of all—I am happy because—on summery days,
And wintry ones, I can stand, sometimes in the rain,
Or kneel, sometimes with the wind against my shoulder,
And looking to the skies—can feel God's nearness to me.
This is my most sacred gift,
And I thank Thee, God, for it.

—L. M.



Standing: BETTY STAHL, ADELE JOHNSON, ELIZABETH BROWN, CYNTHIA VAN ACKOBY, DOROTHEA LEWIS, BETTY CONROW, DORA PECK, RUTH THOMPSON. Sitting: ESTELLE OLIVER, LOIS KING, DELFINA CAMPILLI, LULU KIMMES, ELIZABETH HAVENS, JOSEPHINE PURDY, MURIEL NAGEL, VIOLA CAMPBELL.

CLASS OF 1945

A year and a half ago, in the balmy month of September (some of us did slip in sooner), we packed our suitcases, and well—here we are! Since then we've packed and unpacked—but we really never get very far.

First came blue smocks—long, draped-shaped affairs, that finally hung themselves on hooks in our closets (thank heavens!) and we were garbed in stripes. Which, incidently, gave all sorts of ideas when the restrictions seemed very restricting. When, after months of fun, mingled with torture, self-defacement and sprinkled much too generously with embarrassing moments, we earned our caps and were really established in our chosen profession.

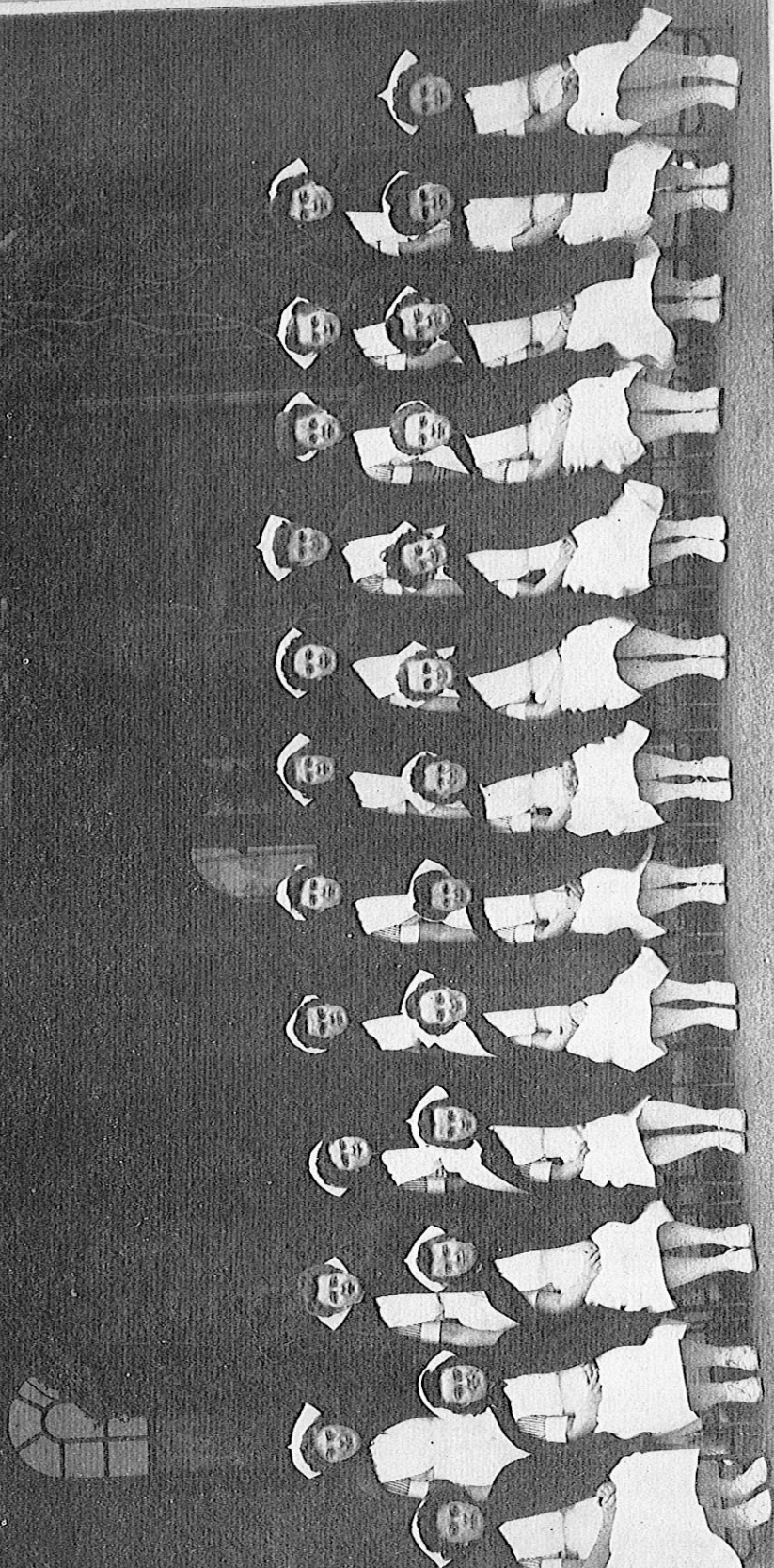
At last we were initiated into the high order of Intermediates with access to that sanctuary of smells, the Diet Kitchen; that conglomeration of confusion, the Operating Room; that propagator of posterity, the Delivery Room. Oh! the mysteries of this life—night duties with creaking doors, the light footsteps stealing down the hall, and an occasional precip. Relief shift with that mad tearing around, answering bells and “tucking them in”, then coming off at eleven and settling the major problems of a war-staffed hospital over a bitter, black brew; finally to sink into the arms of Morpheus and stay there until the mocking call of duty is heralded by an alarm clock.

And so life goes on—and we love it! We are sure that next year will be filled with new experiences, more laughs, different boners, added responsibilities and many things to make us say “those good old days when we were in training”. So here's to what's behind and what's in back of what's before and what's in front of what's ahead.

This page is dedicated to the memory of

LUCILLE E. LAWRENCE

our friend and classmate



Standing: MARIE SPREEMAN, JEAN SMITH, MARGARET BRADFORD, JANET DAY, BETTY DEDERER, JUNE AVERY, FLORENCE ERAMO, FRAYDELLE
 McEACHRN, ELIZABETH ROSS, INGE EISCHEN, HELEN TRAVIS. Sitting: BEATRICE THOMASSEN, SHIRLEY WESTOVER, CAROL DUNGHI, EDITH NAGLE,
 JEAN WOODIN, SHIRLEY ENSIGN, ELIZABETH PUFF, GENE RILEY, RUTH WILLIAMS, DORIS KNAPP, VIVIAN MYERS, EVELYN LADZINSKI, BETTY CLARK

CLASS OF 1946

THE END OF THE BEGINNING!

She looked so proud and stately
When first we entered the gate,
We were to spend three years here
In determining our fate!

At first we were dubbed the "probies"
And that we took in our stride,
'Cause we looked into the future
And hoped that we would survive!

We stuttered and stammered at doctors
At head nurses with awe, we gazed.
We found out that the nurses deserved it
When by patients, they are praised.

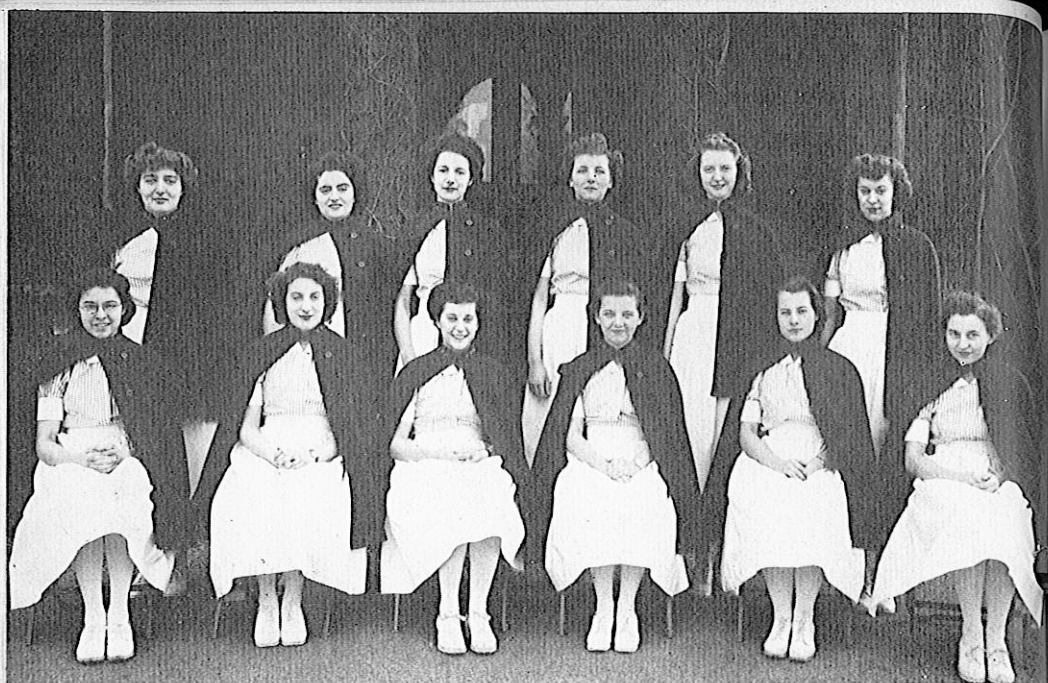
The midnight oil was burned
Our brains were stuffed full of fact,
Miss McCrimmon gave lectures
To teach us the use of tact.

We are sure Miss Lindberg prays
Each year for a brighter class,
Miss Thompson tried to teach us
The art of "cooking with gas"!

Her eyes full of pity and hope
She gazed at our expressionless faces
For poor Miss Sweet had the job
Of teaching us, what's in the right places!

Though we but have passed the threshold
Of a greater thing to come—
Our hopes are even brighter than
The day we had first begun!

—BETTY DELAMATER
JUANITA KELLY



Standing: HELEN TAPPEN, ROSE SCHULMAN, ALLENE SMITH, DOROTHEA TILLOTSON, MARIE REYNOLDS, PHYLLIS MILLER. Sitting: VIRGINIA FRALEIGH, LOIS BALDWIN, SUSAN ALLEY, GERTRUDE OWENS, ANNA SWEENEY, FLORENCE HUGHES.

CLASS OF 1947

We're the baby class of Vassar Brothers Hospital—you'll recognize us primarily by our blue-jay outfits, those stream-lined little smocks we hide ourselves in. When you see these darting down corridors and ducking into doorways with that "Please, nobody look" expression—that's us. You will see us scrubbing and dusting, mopping and arranging things where nobody can possibly find them. When in the presence of our predecessors, a weird expression of awe and admiration creeps over our faces as we wonder whether we can ever be as wise and competent as they—and hope that we can fit into their footsteps as well as we fit into their smocks.

As for you who are graduating—you're our best incentive. We only hope we may make some incoming pre-clinical class feel as wonderfully welcome as you made us feel and we do wish you the best of everything!—A. S.

In loving memory of our friend and classmate

BARBARA SUE FINN

THE NURSE

AS SEEN BY THE PATIENT

A thermometer rack, a tray of pills,
An eye full of cures, an earfull of ills.
A tap, tap, tap, of busy feet
In the still of the night, when humans sleep!
When you're feeling lousy, and can't eat a thing
Lunch is sure to be fit for a king!
When you're starving to death and practically yellow—
It's boullion and tea and a limp looking jello!
Back rubs and powd'rings till your back's rough and dry!
A host of visitors when you're eager to die!
Blue and white stripes—starched, and a constant grin—
Till you're ready to scream "Who let you in!"

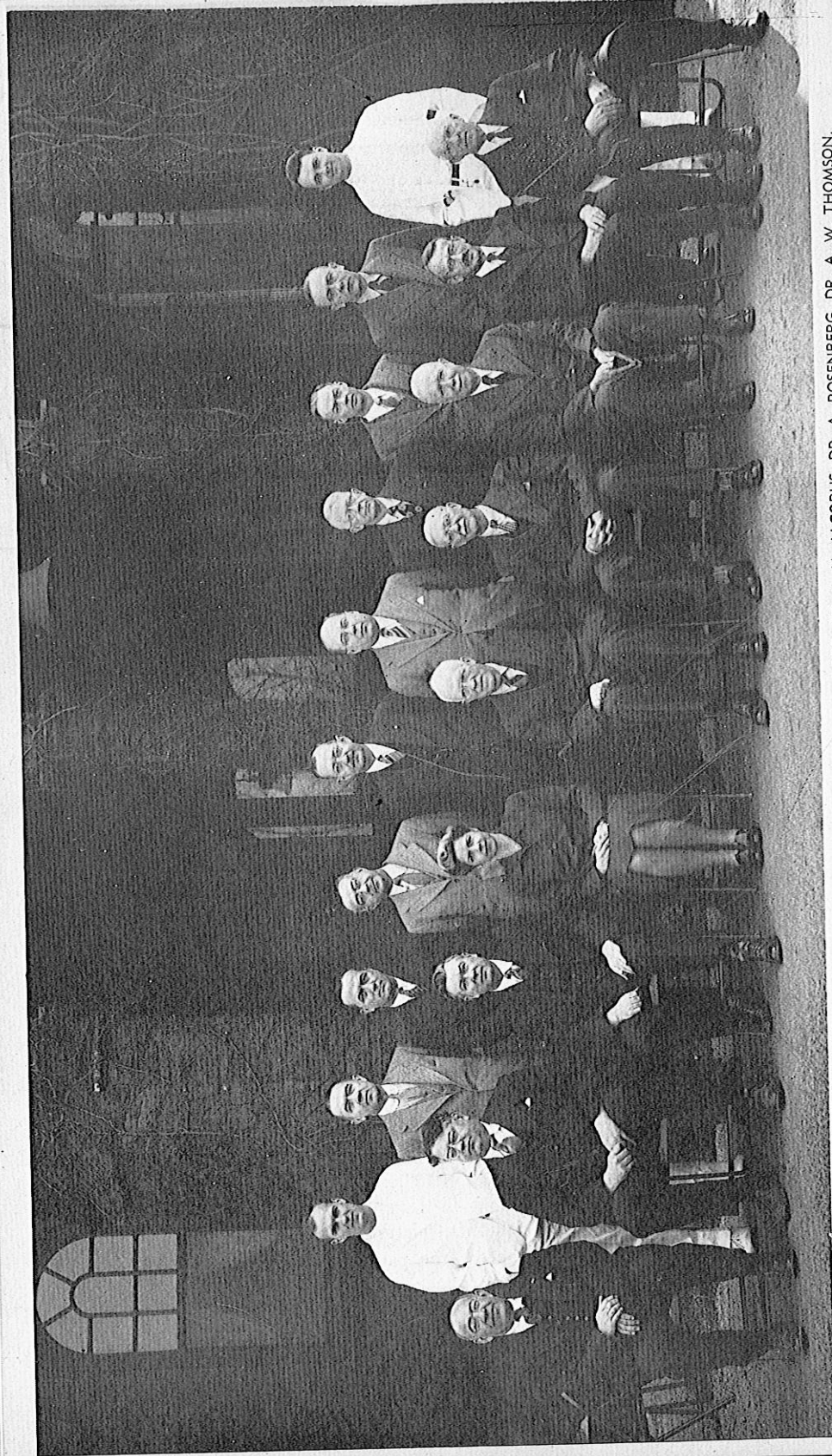
Being sick is awful, a hospital's worse—
But who, pray tell me, invented "the nurse"?

THE PATIENT

AS SEEN BY THE NURSE

A hundred complaints of various ills,
And "Must I take those vile tasting pills?"
"I can't possibly eat, take it away!"
And "Where is my dinner?", the very same day!
A marathon race, run against bells—
For a thousand drinks and imagined spells!
Crumbs in bed from forbidden cake—
And rubs and rubs to the backs that ache!
"I don't like my diet." "How much do I weigh?"
And—"Nurse, why can't I go home, today?"
And visitors! Everyone and his brother—
Sitting on beds, chatting to each other!
And so I tramp on my fallen arches
Till duty seems just endless marches!

I love my work with its human relations,
"But who," gasps I, invented "the patients?"



Standing: DR. F. WEHMEYER, DR. L. MURPHY, DR. J. S. TAYLOR, DR. S. DOGO, DR. J. M. JACOBUS, DR. A. ROSENBERG, DR. A. W. THOMSON,
 DR. M. HEDGECOCK, DR. E. A. STOLLER, DR. R. WHITNEY, Sitting: DR. A. SOBEL, DR. H. TOWNSEND, DR. C. O. DAVISON, DR. MARY
 HEATH, DR. R. BREED, DR. L. MARKS, DR. S. L. SMITH, DR. D. MALVEN, DR. J. DINGMAN.

STAFFROOM STRATEGISTS

We'll always remember:

- Dr. Kahle's spinal fusions and fishing trips.
- Dr. Meyer's "thank you" cards.
- Dr. Stoller's fracture boards, and his love of tomatoes and sauerkraut.
- Dr. Harrington's "All or Nothing at All".
- Dr. Murphy's calmness, regardless of what falls.
- Dr. Garlick's constant teasing.
- Dr. Rosenberg's difficulty in deciphering writing and those loud socks (how could any class concentrate!).
- Dr. Hedgecock's clever hands and casual airs.
- Dr. McGrath's personality plus, and oh! those shoes!
- Dr. Smith's friendliness and "Protamine Zinc".
- Dr. Krieger's red and green house.
- Dr. Lipman's subscription to Life Magazine for the nurses.
- Dr. Kerrigan's Bilateral Retropharyngeal abscesses.
- Dr. Townsend's "Sulfa will cure it".
- Dr. Rimai's smoothness and Ipana beauty smile.
- Dr. Mark's "nine pounds, nine ounces and no episiotomy!"
- Dr. Gagan's endless theories and explanations.
- Dr. Malven's seventeen minute appendectomies.
- Dr. C. Crispell's charming bedside manner.
- Dr. Miller's Lateral Sinus Thrombosis.
- Dr. Breed's "measure intake and output".
- Dr. Mead's vitality and genuine interest.
- Dr. Heath's "Vogue" appearance.
- Dr. DeGarmo's precise cataract extractions.
- Dr. Meekin's "Vitronbex".
- Dr. Mueller's and Dr. Dobo's endless hours in the O.P.D.
- Dr. Thomson's "That puts me in mind of something".
- Dr. Jacobus' Ward four diagnoses.
- Dr. Davison's cupboard bills.
- Dr. Taylor's remodeled laboratory complete with blood bank.
- Dr. Sobel's "hose" (see Ward two).
- Dr. Toomey's scrumptious green sports roadster.
- Dr. Siegel's cheerfulness.
- Dr. H. Crispell's comradeship.
- Dr. Dingman's farming venture.
- Dr. Spoppable's adaptability and ease.
- Dr. Whitney's Florida tan a la Ultra Violet (hair on his chest, too)'
- Dr. Wehmeyer's — — — — !



Standing: EVELYN LADZINSKI, KATE BIRDSALL, BARBARA LYNCH, ELIZABETH PUFF. Sitting: MARJORIE OLLIVETT, MARGARET BRUCHAC, DORIS BERGH, VIRGINIA NEAL, ELIZABETH JAMES.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Out of a little acorn of thought, suggestion and desire is growing a great oak of accomplishment, understanding and discipline.

The organization of the Student Council, with the cooperation of the Training School Office, has laid a foundation for better class association and student management of the Nurse's homes, closer relationship with the Training School Office and a clearer understanding of student problems. Our library now is well organized and accessible to all who enjoy reading. Our floors are neater and quieter and there is more consideration for others. Our big sisters system has made the "probies" life a little easier and we hope we've made them feel welcome. In attempting to provide planned recreation for the nurses and promote better class relationship, the Student Council has arranged with the swimming instructor at Vassar College for us to use their beautiful pool once a week. So here's to the Student Council! Tell your troubles to the proctor!

We, who are on the Student Council, and soon must leave, hope that it will grow and carry on in the spirit of good fellowship in which it was born.



Standing: Misses EISCHEN, SMITH, PECK, BRADFORD, AVERY, VAN ACKOORY, TILLOTSON, ZAKAREVICZ, THOMASSEN, MURPHY, PUFF. Sitting: Misses WOODIN, NAGEL, SMITH, BRUCHAC, RUTHIE ROIDER, MR. KARL ROIDER, Director; Misses NEAL, FISHER, PHILLIPS, HUGHES.

"LAUGH AND BE MERRY, BETTER THE WORLD WITH A SONG"

The student glee club is the happiest group in the hospital. Every two weeks, rain or shine, each of the twenty-five members looks forward to an evening of fun and enjoyment under the direction of Mr. Roider.

We started with a "bang" three years ago, when at Dr. Harrington's reception we sang "Deep in the heart of Vassar"—remember? People seemed to like it. With this encouragement we really started to work and soon thereafter we had quite a "repertoire" of songs. About this time the Hospital Association Banquet was due, so the glee club was called on to present a program for them. We are proud to say that this has become a tradition (if three times can be called a tradition). We've had fun traveling to Oakwood School, where they extended a warm welcome. Capping and commencement exercises also have demanded our services.

Believing in the old proverb about "variety being the spice of life" we sing anything from the beautiful "Prayer Perfect" to the modern "Mairzy Doats." Glee club work is not "all work and no play" either—no indeed. After rehearsals the Auxiliary often provides us with refreshments, then everyone relaxes and we sing popular songs and have a good time. How the rumor of refreshments does increase the number of singers!

Finally we wish to give our thanks to the Vassar Brothers Hospital Auxiliary for making possible the glee club under the capable and friendly direction of our trio—Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Tongue and Mr. Roider.

Senior	Favorite Expression	Greatest Mistake	Favorite Pastime	Outstanding Weakness	Pet Peeve
Bruchac	5960	Theories about marriage	Eating	Riding in cabs	Lack of fresh air
Burlingame	Listen kids, don't get excited!	Her appendectomy	"Opinionating"	Arguments	A messy kitchenette
Rogers	Wanna hear some dirt!	Walking home from?	Joe	Joe	Noise and fresh air
Macy	Ohooo—Life is too cruel!	Men	Dating	Food	Hair nets
Hess	Oo-la-la	Charlie	Disposing of letters	Music	Susan
Dow	I can get it for you wholesale!	Stealing jam	Feuding	Sleeping overtime	Winnie
Watrous	Let me talk to him	You tell us	Planning	Men	The senior class
Murphy	I'm gonna do it	K. of C.	Knitting for?	Morry	Corr. IV
Ollivett	Curses— isn't that rare?	Pitching hay and stuff	Talking	Virus & chocolate sodas	Ashes on floor
Erwood	Egad! How foul!	Hair cutting	Moving furniture	Jimmie	No letter
Slocum	Hay-lo	7 dates in one night	Having fun	Bottled dynamite	Vomiting
Lynch	Why sure	MP's	Scrubbing sinks	Square dancing	Allergies
Phillips	Goodness	Not being rugged	Letter writing	Marines	Lack of enthusiasm
Fisher	Chattanooga	We don't know of any	Drawing—Art you know	Chocolate candy	Smoking
			Collecting pictures	Pete	Grouchiness
Taylor	Wanna hear somethin' cure?	Corny jokes			

Senior	Favorite Expression	Greatest Mistake	Favorite Pastime	Outstanding Weakness	Pet Peeve
Kenney	You're just jealous 'cause you haven't got a nice disease	Size 9	Doing two things at once	Gluteas maximus	Sleeping
Pauli	Isn't that cure?	Texas	Reading	Jean	Being called timid
Heisler	A little less noise please	That trip to Washington	Heckling	Clothes	3rd floor Tower
Marshall	*!—Q*Q!	Being bored	Being bored	Coffee	People
Brunner	Kids—guess what?	Her love life	Student Council	Train riding	Shallowness
Mariak	Well, how was I to know?	Getting confused	Worrying	Being called Sally	Being called Sophia
James	Jeepers	That Albany trip	Dating	Telephones	Messy clothes
Neal	Make me know it	Throwing water	Giggling	Skating at Bergh's	Talking shop
Bergh	Was it long distance?	Johnnie	Tennis	Dates	Noisiness
Buechel	Murder	That illegal overnight	Telling stories	Home cooking	Tranquility
Joselyn	What?	That 6 a. m. phone call	Wolfing	Arguments	Being locked out
Van Scoy	Oh, never mind dolly	Day dreaming in class	Dancing	Keeping peace	Arguments
Class of '44	S. P. C. A.	Too many, too often to mention	Screaming and griping	Food and more food	Class of '45



LITERARY GEMS'

Out of the dust that covers me
Thick as can be, from shelf to shelf—
I thank whoever wipes me off
So I might see myself.

—*With due apology to*

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

- "Random Harvest"—Sewing for the Social Service
- "The Sun is My Undoing"—Mr. Roider
- "Madame Curie"—Dr. Heath
- "Air Force"—Five O'Clock Whistle
- "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the C"—Dr. Meyer's voice
- "The Age of Innocence"—The girls on Corridor I
- "Farewell to Arms"—Scrubbing in the Operating Room
- "Microbe Hunters"—Dr. Taylor and His Lab. force.
- "New Worlds to Conquer"—Class of 1944
- "Stormy Weather"—Probie period
- "A Lantern in her Hand"—Miss Davison
- "Grand Hotel"—Corridor III
- "Men Against Death"—Our "Staffroom Strategist"
- "This Above All"—Graduation
- "The Moon is Down"—6 A. M.
- "Low Man on the Totem Pole"—Pre-clinicals
- "The Just and the Unjust"—Efficiency Reports
- "This is My Best"—Case Study
- "Look to the Mountain"—State Boards
- "The Mind That Found Itself"—We are still looking!
- "Keys to the Kingdom"—Blue bands
- "Lend-Lease"—Men's Semi-Private and Ward 4
- "So Little Time"—In spite of an eight hour day
- "It Can't Happen Here"—Two late leaves a week
- "Lord Jim"—Dr. Harrington
- "Hunger Fighters"—Miss Thompson, Miss Teske and Miss Crawford
- "These White Hands"—Gone forever!
- "For Whom the Bell Tolls"—The Doorbell
- "Under Cover"—Rings in Miss Sweet's classes
- "To Have and To Hold"—Miss Sweet, when the rings aren't
"Under Cover"
- "Henry the Eighth"—Dr. Wehmeyer
- "A Light in the Window"—Mrs. Neidig
- "The 'Weigh' of All Flesh"—The first of the month duty
- "Assignment U. S. A."—Cadets
- "Work of Art"—The doodling in the Tower Home phone booths
- "The Year of Decision"—1944
- "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay"—The Literary Staff, before we
started this Yearbook!

Our Last Will and Testament

We, the Class of nineteen hundred and forty-four, do hereby bequeath, with due regard to all necessary legal procedures, to you, the Class of nineteen hundred and forty-five our successor and rightful heirs, the following articles: the wherewithal whereby we lived and worked in this ivy-covered monument to life, death and the pursuit of education and internes. This will is unconditional. We hope that you will keep these priceless treasures in good repair, preserving them for posterity.

TO:

- Birdsall—Burlingame's love of Obstetrics.
Mott—Bruchac's midnight phone calls.
Campbell—Some of Roger's sleep.
Alley—Some more of Roger's sleep.
T. King and Partington—Macy's vivaciousness.
Oliver—Hess's extrovertism.
Churton—Dow's purple garters to wear with her red flannels.
Conrow—Watrous's admiration of mankind.
Stahl—Murphy's night-owl habits to alibi those "bedroom" eyes.
Smith—Ollivett's love affairs, confusin' but. amusin'.
Potter—A little of Erwood's noisiness so we can find you when Floyd calls.
McNeill—Slocum's walk (don't know what she can do with it, but she's welcome to it anyway).
Havens—Lynch's sociability.
Kimmes—Some of Hess's hair, she has plenty, so don't be bashful, Lu.
Lewis—Fisher's trim coiffure and neat hair nets.
Casey—Taylor's corny jokes, though I guess Case has enough of her own.
Johnson—Kenney's red checked shirt, to cover the heart on the seat of those gray slacks.
Nagel—Pauli's cute mannerisms.
Kennedy—Heisler's love of clothes and silence.
L. King—Marshall's nonchalant air.
Peck—Brunner's love of Ward II and suprapubics.
Van Ackooy—A few of Mariak's troubles to add to her own.
Bradford—James's blush.
Day—Neal's spontaneous giggle—I hope you can control it better in class than Ginny.
Glass—A few of Joslyn's best arguments, keep them handy, they are very convincing.
Tasker—Watrous's store of Westerns and "True Romances" for the library of that "Den of Iniquity".

Peele—Bergh's calmness and Yankee accent—then Dr. Meyer
wouldn't tease "you-all" so much.

Campilii and Purdy—Buechel's chatterboxing.

Kruger—Slocum's love of Frank Sinatra.

Brown—Van Scoy's good judgment, also a pair of those pajamas
that shrunk so much. Brown has lots of extra material.

The Marines—We didn't dare give away anything of Phillips's
you know those Marines, they're tough!

With great pride, we leave to all Vassar Hospital Students
past, present and future a portrait of Miss Rachel F. McCrimmon.

To this, our last will and testament, we affix the
seal of the Class of 1944, on this third day of May,
in the year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred
and forty-four.

WITNESSES:

Sorry, there's a war on. So cheer up, it isn't
legal anyway.

TO MARTIN:

You heralder of happiness,
Bugler of blues—
How can you remember
Who's mail is who's?
You always know who waited
How long for an answer—
And if it's from Mother,
Or stamped by a censor.
What an R. F. D. you have
Made of your mind—
You're always so willing,
Friendly and kind!
In the Vassar Round Table,
For the miles that you tramp,
We, hereby be-knight you—
Lord of the Stamp.

Vassar Brothers' reminds me of:

DOWN ON THE FARM

because we have:

Grade A Producers—*Corridor 4....*
Barn Cats—*Night Nurses*
Pig Pens—*Those "messy" kitchenettes*
A Hen House—*Tower Home*
The Cornfield—*Linen Rooms, you know what I mean!*
A Visiting Nurse—*Mrs. Herrmann*
Cultivators—*Miss Sweet and the T. S. O.*
Cracker-barrel Cronies—*The Ward 2 gang*
Cream Separators—*Coffee fiends of Third Floor Tower*
Chicken Thieves—*Diet Kitchen nurses*
Pitch Forks—*Those intramuscular needles*
Home Cookin'—*Diet Kitchen meals*
Corn on the Cob—*Taylor's jokes*
Work Horses—*Ward 4 nurses*
R. F. D.—*Martin*
A Hay Riggin'—*Stretcher*
A Vegetable Garden—*Miss Teske's parsley patch*
A General Store—*Pharmacy*
Doc's Office—*The Accident Room*
Prayer Meetin'—*The night before exams*
Harvest Time—*Graduation*
Farmer's Almanac—*Yearbook*

TOPSOIL—A Little Dirt

REMEMBER:

When Miss Tyler found fish in her bath water.
When Lynch was scared by "Bushy's" sleepwalking.
When Neal got in uniform at midnight—wonder why?
When Mott got all the Home I "heart-throbs" under the mistletoe.
When Ollivett got caught waving—she didn't do it again!
When Erwood was locked out of Home I.
The first anniversary party.
Wet sheets and barricades in Home II.
Murphy's applesauce—sure we love skins and seeds!
Erwood's journey to Third Ave. P. S.—She was looking for
"Babies".
Those weekends in Wingdale and the "Coco-Cola Kids".
The night "Brue" was hit on the head with the Enema can.
Hess's de-"Lux" Christmas tree.
When "Wat" needed support—what size was that?
The night "Slugger" had seven dates and she went out with them all.
The Coffee-pot politicians on Third Floor Tower—well, Suzie!
"Hambone" giving all those wonderful birthday parties.
Third Floor Tower's crying jags—weep no more, my ladies!
The night ten people slept in 302. "Shift."
The night Conrow didn't chew her carrots.
When Kimmis fell out of the top bunk—maybe she thought she
could fly.
When Fisher worked on M. S. P., she was there a "Long" time.
When Brunner was found on the Solarium floor—what a patient!
When "Bushy" went out—"cold" wasn't it?
When Ginny was making "Soakers"—for whom, I wonder?
When everybody peeked at everyone else's Christmas presents—
the first time so many girls kept so many secrets!
That delicious ice cream we devoured by the dishful on Ward 6.
Some people are born cooks!
The dash for the Macaroni Salad everytime "Slugger" came back
from home.
When Kenney couldn't make up her mind—has she yet?
The night James went to Albany—blame it on the trains.
When we were all "taped" up for the dance—"Midge" and her
ideas for slimmer waistlines! What a "skinning" that was!
The night "Lyn" didn't know that the patient hadn't delivered—
all a matter of percept or was it precip?



WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF:

Dr. Rosenberg lost his pipe (or is it a cigar)?
We could keep an orderly?
Somebody didn't burn the D.K. toast—how about that, Stahl?
There weren't any linen rooms (Suzie)?
Corridor III didn't get a new patient at suppertime?
Miss Sweet's students would learn to spell?
The "neighbors didn't come," Jim?
Miss Syretchen was late on duty?
Dr. Wehmeyer stopped antagonizing the nurses?
Slocum took up knitting?
Vannie hadn't crawled back into her shell?
Luty respected a Senior nurse?
Bushy and Josie stopped fighting?
Drake lost her sweetness?
Lewis worked a little faster?
Fisher took a "drag"?
Kenney stopped talking?
The Pharmacy key was lost? Sleep no more, my ladies!
B. Macy ever lost her good disposition?
Miss Teske got caught drinking coffee on duty—and we didn't.
Ross lost her self-confidence?
Delamater lost her sense of humor?
Miss Jackson found her pencil where she put it?
The Cupboard forgot to send bill?
Dr. Deyo used the elevator instead of dashing up three flights to see
a cardiac!
Mrs. Herrmann wasn't so "gosh, darn super" to everybody?
Marshall ever got excited?
Dunghi's hair was an indication of her temper?
Third Floor Tower ever went to bed early?
Mrs. Henning didn't always come everytime you use the wrong Enema
basin or take too many thermometers?
There was a shortage of eggs, Murphy?
The day nurses stopped griping about the night nurses and the night
nurses stopped griping about the day nurses?

SENIOR POLL

Neatest	James
Friendliest	Slocum
Best Looking	Rogers
Smoothest	Heisler
Wittiest	Dow
Most Popular	Erwood
Most Gracious	Phillips
Most Industrious	Watrous
Most Ambitious	Bruchac
Most Sophisticated	Brunner
Most Talkative	Kenney
Most Thoughtful	Buechel
Most Carefree	Macy
Most Individual	Marshall
Most Dignified	Fisher
Most Cheerful	Joslyn
Most Temperamental	Hess
Most Intelligent	Fisher
Most Independent	Burlingame
Most Respected	Fisher
Most Likely to Succeed	Ollivett
Most Versatile	Erwood
Most Vivacious	Neal
Most Polite	Phillips
Greatest Worrier	Mariack
Best Disposition	Taylor
Best Dressed	Brunner
Best Singer	Murphy
Best Dancer	Hess
Best Worker	Van Scoy
Best Sense of Humor	Lynch
Best to Work With	Van Scoy
Best Athlete	Bergh
Best Charge Nurse	Pauli
Senior We Would Like Most to be Like ..	Watrous



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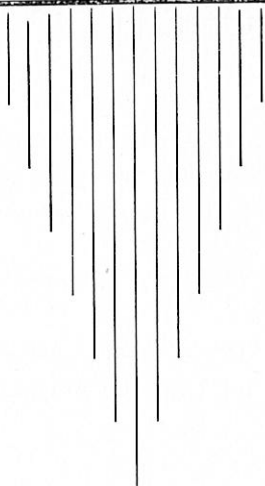
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Who'll wind the clock when I'm gone,
Go get the axe, there is a flea in Lizzie's ear,
Peeping through the knot hole in grandpa's wooden leg

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He watched the ads
And not the road

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It make him deathly sick.

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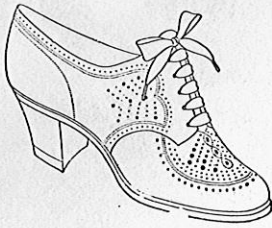
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